

CLARISSA HARLOWE
or the
HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY

By Samuel Richardson

Volume IX. (of Nine Volumes)

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DETAILED CONTENTS

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LETTER XLII. From the same.— Ridicules him on the scheme of life he has drawn out for himself. In his manner gives Belford some farther cautions and warnings. Reproaches him for not saving the lady. A breach of confidence in some cases is more excusable than to keep a secret. Rallies him on his person and air, on his cousin Charlotte, and the widow Lovick.

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LETTER XLVI. Colonel Morden to Mr. Belford.— Farther particulars relating to the execution of the lady's will. Gives his thoughts of women's friendships in general; of that of Miss Howe and his cousin, in particular. An early habit of familiar letter-writing, how improving. Censures Miss Howe for her behaviour to Mr. Hickman. Mr. Hickman's good character. Caution to parents who desire to preserve their children's veneration for them. Mr. Hickman, unknown to Miss Howe, puts himself and equipage in mourning for Clarissa. Her lively turn upon him on that occasion. What he, the Colonel, expects from the generosity of Miss Howe, in relation to Mr. Hickman. Weakness of such as are afraid of making their last wills.

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LETTER XLVIII. Miss Howe to Mr. Belford.— Observations on the letters and subjects he communicates to her. She promises another letter, in answer to his and Colonel

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LETTER L. Mr. Belford to Miss Howe.— A letter full of grateful acknowledgements for the favour of her's.

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LETTER LVIII. Lovelace to Belford.— Has received a letter from Joseph Lemman (who, he says, is conscience-ridden) to inform him that Colonel Morden resolves to have his will of him. He cannot bear to be threatened. He will write to the Colonel to know his purpose. He cannot get off his regrets on account of the dear lady for the blood of him.

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LETTER LX. Lovelace to Belford.— Has written to the Colonel to know his intention: but yet in such a manner that he may handsomely avoid taking it as a challenge; though, in the like case, he owns that he himself should not. Copy of his letter to the Colonel.

LETTER LXI. From the same.— He is now in his way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden. He is sure of victory: but will not, if he can help it, out of regard to Clarissa, kill the Colonel.

LETTER LXII. From the same.— Interview with Colonel Morden. To-morrow, says he, is the day that will, in all probability, send either one or two ghosts to attend the manes of my Clarissa. He doubts not to give the Colonel his life, or his death; and to be able, by next morning eleven, to write all the particulars.

LETTER LXIV. THE ISSUE OF THE DUEL.

CONCLUSION

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE

VOLUME NINE

LETTER I

MR. BELFORD [IN CONTINUATION.] SOHO, SIX O'CLOCK, SEPT. 7.

The lady is still alive. The Colonel having just sent his servant to let me know that she inquired after me about an hour ago, I am dressing to attend her. Joel begs of me to dispatch him back, though but with one line to gratify your present impatience. He expects, he says, to find you at Knightsbridge, let him make what haste he can back; and, if he has not a line or two to pacify you, he is afraid you will pistol him; for he apprehends that you are hardly yourself. I therefore dispatch this, and will have another ready, as soon as I can, with particulars.—But you must have a little patience; for how can I withdraw myself every half hour to write, if I am admitted to the lady's presence, or if I am with the Colonel?

SMITH'S, EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

The lady is in a slumber. Mrs. Lovick, who sat up with her, says she had a better night than was expected; for although she slept little, she seemed easy; and the easier for the pious frame she was in; all her waking moments being taken up in devotion, or in an ejaculatory silence; her hands and eyes often lifted up, and her lips moving with a fervour worthy of these her last hours.

TEN O'CLOCK.

The Colonel being earnest to see his cousin as soon as she awoke, we were both admitted. We observed in her, as soon as we entered, strong symptoms of her approaching dissolution, notwithstanding what the women had flattered us with from her last night's tranquillity.—The Colonel and I, each loth to say what we thought, looked upon one another with melancholy countenances.

The Colonel told her he should send a servant to her uncle Antony's for some papers he had left there; and asked if she had any commands that way.

She thought not, she said, speaking more inwardly than she did the day before. She had indeed a letter ready to be sent to her good Norton; and there was a request intimated in it. But it was time enough, if the request were signified to those whom it concerned when all was over. —However, it might be sent them by the servant who was going that way. And she caused it to be given to the Colonel for that purpose.

Her breath being very short, she desired another pillow. Having two before, this made her in a manner sit up in her bed; and she spoke then with more distinctness; and, seeing us greatly concerned, forgot her own sufferings to comfort us; and a charming lecture she gave us, though a brief one, upon the happiness of a timely preparation, and upon the hazards of a late repentance, when the mind, as she observed, was so much weakened, as well as the body, as to render a poor soul hardly able to contend with its natural infirmities.

I beseech ye, my good friends, proceeded she, mourn not for one who mourns not, nor has cause to mourn, for herself. On the contrary, rejoice with me, that all my worldly troubles are so near to their end. Believe me, Sirs, that I would not, if I might, choose to live, although the pleasantest part of my life were to come over again: and yet eighteen years of it, out of nineteen, have been very pleasant. To be so much exposed to temptation, and to be so liable to fail in the trial, who would not rejoice that all her dangers are over?—All I wished was pardon and blessing from my dear parents. Easy as my departure seems promised to be, it would have been still easier, had I that pleasure. BUT GOD ALMIGHTY WOULD NOT LET ME DEPEND FOR COMFORT UPON ANY BUT HIMSELF.

She then repeated her request, in the most earnest manner, to her cousin, that he would not heighten her fault, by seeking to avenge her death; to me, that I would endeavour to make up all breaches, and use the power I had with my friend, to prevent all future mischiefs from him, as well as that which this trust might give me to prevent any to him.

She made some excuses to her cousin, for not having been able to alter her will, to join him in the executorship with me; and to me, for the trouble she had given, and yet should give me.

She had fatigued herself so much, (growing sensibly weaker) that she sunk her head upon her pillows, ready to faint; and we withdrew to the window, looking upon one another; but could not tell what to say; and yet both seemed inclinable to speak: but the motion passed over in silence. Our eyes only spoke; and that in a manner neither's were used to—mine, at least, not till I knew this admirable creature.

The Colonel withdrew to dismiss his messenger, and send away the letter to Mrs. Norton. I took the opportunity to retire likewise; and to write thus far. And Joel returning to take it, I now close here.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

LETTER II

MR. BELFORD [IN CONTINUATION.]

The Colonel tells me that he had written to Mr. John Harlowe, by his servant, 'That they might spare themselves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation; for that his dear cousin would probably be no more before they could resolve.'

He asked me after his cousin's means of subsisting; and whether she had accepted of any favour from me; he was sure, he said, she would not from you.

I acquainted him with the truth of her parting with some of her apparel.

This wrung his heart; and bitterly did he exclaim as well against you as against her implacable relations.

He wished he had not come to England at all, or had come sooner; and hoped I would apprise him of the whole mournful story, at a proper season. He added, that he had thoughts, when he came over, of fixing here for the remainder of his days; but now, as it was impossible his cousin could recover, he would go abroad again, and re-settle himself at Florence or Leghorn.

The lady has been giving orders, with great presence of mind, about her body! directing her nurse and the maid of the house to put her in the coffin as soon as she is cold. Mr. Belford, she said, would know the rest by her will.

She has just now given from her bosom, where she always wore it, a miniature picture, set in gold, of Miss Howe. She gave it to Mrs. Lovick, desiring her to fold it up in white paper, and direct it, To Charles Hickman, Esq. and to give it to me, when she was departed, for that gentleman.

She looked upon the picture, before she gave it her—Sweet and ever-amiable friend!—Companion!—Sister!— Lover! said she—and kissed it four several times, once at each tender appellation.

Your other servant is come.—Well may you be impatient!—Well may you! —But do you think I can leave off, in the middle of a conversation, to run and set down what offers, and send it away piece-meal as I write? —If I could, must I not lose one half, while I put down the other?

This event is nearly as interesting to me as it is to you. If you are more grieved than I, there can be but one reason for it; and that's at your heart!—I had rather lose all the friends I have in the world, (yourself in the number,) than this divine lady; and shall be unhappy whenever I think of her sufferings, and of her merit; though I have nothing to reproach myself by reason of the former.

I say not this, just now, so much to reflect upon you as to express my own grief; though your conscience I suppose, will make you think otherwise.

Your poor fellow, who says that he begs for his life, in desiring to be dispatched back with a letter, tears this from me—else, perhaps, (for I am just sent for down,) a quarter of an hour would make you—not easy indeed—but certain—and that, in a state like your's, to a mind like your's, is a relief.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FOUR O'CLOCK.

LETTER III

MR. BELFORD, TO RICHARD MOWBRAY, ESQ. THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

DEAR MOWBRAY,

I am glad to hear you are in town. Throw yourself the moment this comes to your hand, (if possible with Tourville,) in the way of the man who least of all men deserves the love of the worthy heart; but most that of thine and Tourville; else the news I shall most probably send him within an hour or two, will make annihilation the greatest blessing he has to wish for.

You will find him between Piccadilly and Kensington, most probably on horseback, riding backwards and forwards in a crazy way; or put up, perhaps, at some inn or tavern in the way—a waiter possibly, if so, watching for his servant's return to him from me.

His man Will. is just come to me. He will carry this to you in his way back, and be your director. Hie away in a coach, or any how. Your being with him may save either his or a servant's life. See the blessed effects of triumphant libertinism! Sooner or later it comes home to us, and all concludes in gall and bitterness!

Adieu. J. BELFORD.

LETTER IV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Curse upon the Colonel, and curse upon the writer of the last letter I received, and upon all the world! Thou to pretend to be as much interested in my Clarissa's fate as myself!—'Tis well for one of us that this was not said to me, instead of written.—Living or dying, she is mine—and only mine. Have I not earned her dearly?—Is not d——n——n likely to be the purchase to me, though a happy eternity will be her's?

An eternal separation!—O God! O God!—How can I bear that thought!—But yet there is life!—Yet, therefore, hope—enlarge my hope, and thou shalt be my good genius, and I will forgive thee every thing.

For this last time—but it must not, shall not be the last—Let me hear, the moment thou receivest this—what I am to be—for, at present, I am

The most miserable of Men.

ROSE, AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, FIVE O'CLOCK.

My fellow tells me that thou art sending Mowbray and Tourville to me:—I want them not—my soul's sick of them, and of all the world—but most of myself. Yet, as they send me word they will come to me immediately, I will wait for them, and for thy next. O Belford, let it not be—But hasten it, be what it may!

LETTER V

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SEVEN O'CLOCK, THURSDAY
EVENING, SEPT. 7.

I have only to say at present—Thou wilt do well to take a tour to Paris; or wherever else
thy destiny shall lead thee!—

JOHN BELFORD.

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